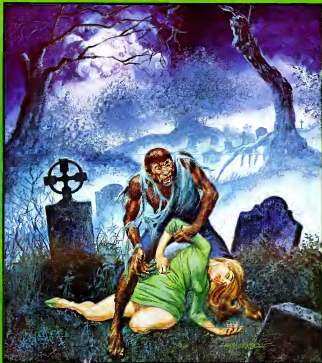


# CREEPY

PDC

FEB.  
NO. 13



**Illustrated terror tales designed to plunge YOU into ultimate fright!!!**



SOME OF YOU FRIENDLY FIENDS TIRED OF YOUR PRESENT HUMDRUM EXISTENCE, LIKE A LITTLE CHANGE? THEN LET'S LOOK IN ON SOME ANCIENT FEAR FORMULAS FOR BECOMING A WEREWOLF IN...

## CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

IT WAS WIDELY BELIEVED IN THE MIDDLE AGES THAT THE DEVIL HIMSELF MADE GIFTS OF BELTS OR SKINS OF WOLVES TO SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS - WHEN WORN, THE OWNER WOULD BE TRANSFORMED INTO A WOLF WITH ALL ITS AWESOME POWERS AND SPEED!

ANCIENT ROMANS BELIEVED A WEREWOLF WAS SOMEONE WHO COULD TURN HIS SKIN INSIDE OUT IN HUMAN FORM. THE SUSPECTED WEREWOLF'S FUR WOULD BE GROWING INWARD... FINAL PROOF AT MANY TRIALS, CONSEQUENTLY INVOLVED PARTIAL SKINNING OF THE ACCUSED!



UNWARY INNOCENTS COULD BE TRANSFORMED INTO WEREWOLVES BY DRINKING WATER FROM THE FOOTPRINT OF A WEREWOLF, OR BY TASTING THE WATER OF A STREAM FROM WHICH A WEREWOLF HAD ALSO DRUNK... SOMETIMES TURNING HUNTERS INTO THE VERY PREY THEY STALKED!



# CREEPY NO.13

**PUBLISHER:** James Warren

ASSISTANT TO PUBLISHER: Richard Conway

**EDITOR:** Archie Goodwin

**COVER:** GARY MORTON

**LETTERING:** Ben Oda

**STAFF ARTISTS:** Dan Adkins, Eugene Colan, Johnny Craig, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, Frank Frazetta, Jerry Grandenetti, Rocco Mastroserio, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, John Severin, Angelo Torres, Alex Toth, Al Williamson, Wallace Wood

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[illegible]

# DEAR UNCLE CREEPY



This month our monstrous material is being sent to the printer's before the carrier bats have arrived with your poison pen patter as my bringing twain issue, so we'll have to print more of your carding concerns as issue 11, and cover 12 & 13's letters in issue 14's letter column. And if all this is confusing to you, thank how I feel!—UC

Issue 11 had a cover which was bad. The colors were blurred and the characters were bad. The cover story had good art and story. "The Devil to Pay" had the best art and story. I like art which is dark. "Hop Frog" and "Skeleton Crew" were fabulous in plot and art. Your mag is a winner, with EERIE along side. They both out sell the other trashy horror comic mags by far. Creepy's "Loathsome Love" is the most. I have a book on true supernatural happenings and some of them are in "Loathsome Love". The Fan Club page is good too. I belong to the club and am getting stories and drawings ready for entry. EERIE has a well constructed mag too. Warner Publishing Company picks all winners.

Russell Tier  
Lindenhurst, N.Y.

I don't know if that FAT FRIEND EERIE is such a winner, Russ... He just isn't as good as a loser as our competition.—UC

I've noticed many a copy of CREEPY on the newsstands, but it has been only recently that I started to read and

collect them. Now I must say that I'm glad I started. CREEPY No. 11 was the first issue I read, and what really hooked me was the fabulous artwork. All the great comic artists were present: Wood, Ditko, Frazetta, Crandall, only to mention a few. What more more could one fan ask? Not much I'm afraid.

As for your stories, they are well written and tangled, with much the same plot twists as the pre-superhero Marvels. But yours have that added extra touch of humor that is so frequently missed in most comics today... So all I can say is more, MORE!

Now, so I sit and puff my reeder of dried wolfbane leaves, and daydream of my heart being replaced with a gorilla's, one question keeps entering my mind (which is somewhat unusual, as I have very little mind to enter), and that is this: Are Wallace Wood and Dan Adams one and the same artist? I've seen lots of Wood artwork, and this guy Adams has a style almost exactly like that of Mr. Wood. So what's the skinny? One and the same person, or two different artists?

Mike Robertson  
Maple Valley, Wash.

Better lay off the wolfbane leaves, Mike! Dan and Ward Wally are two different people. They have worked together for some time now, hence a similarity in style. Thanks to Wally's guidance, we think Dan has become one of the brightest new talents in comics today, and we'll be trying to feature work by both of them in issues to come.—UC

CREEPY No. 11 was great (like all your other issues). I especially liked "Sebastian". I have always admired his work in Spider-Man, but in No. 11, Steve Ditko topped himself. I could not see him, but I don't like to forget some of your terrific new artists Donald Norman and Dan Adams... And Eugene Chan and Joe Orlando who have been with you.

Les Cehage  
Lakewood, N.J.

That's fine, Les, but what am I going to do about the noise from all the chains rattling by the artists you don't mention?—UC

... Upon rereading CREEPY No. 11, I decided not to let your best issue go by without some comment. First of all, to start from the very beginning, take all of the praise ever written about Frank Frazetta

and apply it to the latest. He is the master and can do so wrong.

Now for the stories... Read Crandall's "Hop Frog" get the issue off to an excellent start. With a team like Crandall and Poe, how can you go wrong. "Sore Spot" was Joe Orlando's best work in some time. It looked as if he put quite a bit of work in it and it showed. The story itself was really great. I'm very glad to see that you are using more stories of this type. You don't need a vampire or werewolf in every story in order to convey horror. In fact, most stories that feature them have very predictable endings.

Dan Adams' handling of "The Doonway" was simply breathtaking. Each and every panel was a true work of art. If possible, please add him to your regular staff and use his work in both CREEPY and EERIE. The story was another gem and proves that science-fiction horror has a very real place in your magazines. "The Black Death" was a good story but I was not overly impressed by Manny Shalman's art. I really hesitate to make a statement like this because I am not qualified to technically criticize the man's work. My only guide is whether or not an artist's style really "shakes me up" and I realize this is purely a personal reaction. Perhaps future efforts in different techniques will change my mind.

"Sebastian" was a terrific story, beautifully drawn by Steve Ditko. Some is a perfect example of what I was saying above. I did not care for his first few contributions to your book but now he seems to get better and better and has become one of my favorites. "The Devil to Pay" was unfortunately the weakspot of the issue, though not so much the story itself, but rather the artwork, which except for the first two pages, left much to be desired. "Skeleton Crew" was a masterpiece of true crawling horror, expertly done by another top member of your staff, Angelo Torres. It's a good thing you chose this as the last story of the issue because it would have been hard to top.

One suggestion which I would like to make in closing concerns the interest that a great many of your readers have in your staff artists and their varied techniques. Why don't you list, along with the artist and writer of each story, the technical name of each style the artist has used. I think this would make comments and opinions much clearer to you.

Vincent Marretto  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Before I gleat too much over

Wally's glowing words, I better steel myself for the next bit of tang mail—UC

CREEPY No. 11 wasn't up to par. You had two good stories (considering art and writing), "Hop Frog" and "Beast Man." Absolutely superb. Except for "The Doonway" (Your usual type good story; Dan Adams is great), and the two mentioned above, the magazine was terrible. "Sore Spot" was a stupid story. Manny Shalman is a terrible artist. Donald Norman is OK but no means great. "Loathsome Love" was bad. Get Frazetta to do one. The cover was great, considering what he had to work with instead of a gorilla, he could have made some sort of monster-bust.

Dan Morgan  
Greensboro, N.C.

Well, maybe, Dan, but Freddie Frank is a big gorilla face.—UC

As a Lowe Junior High School student, I get a big kick out of your magazines. In No. 11, I especially enjoyed "Black Death" by Ron Parker, although I do think the art could have been a bit better. "The Beast Man" by Steve Ditko and Archie Goodwin was good too. The rest of the stories were also good although "The Doonway" was kind of hard to understand.

I happen to be a girl, and I'd like to know why you don't print girls letters. Is it because they just don't write or because you just don't print them?

Dolores Sullivan  
Minden, La.

Certainly not, Dolores... Some of my best friends are girls! More of our letters seem to be from boys (or something), but we do, to our delight, receive the mail from females. You probably just happened to see a column where no letter from a girl appeared.—UC

I must commend you, so far since Cousin Eerie started getting out mags, you have outdone him every time.

Jerry Layman  
Logansport, Ind.

That'll show Jelly-belly!—UC

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to: CREEPY LETTERS, Dept. 11 428 Lexington Avenue New York, New York 10017



TIME TO RUSH INTO THE LOATHSOME, RABID READERS' SNAKE A SLIMY TENTACLE UP TO THE SHOCK SHELF, AND DUST OFF ANOTHER **CREEPY CLASSIC!** THIS MONTH'S AWFUL OFFERING IS **BRAM STOKER'S** SHIVERING SHORT STORY...

# THE SQUAW!

IT WAS IN NURNBERG DURING THE SECOND WEEK OF OUR HONEYMOON THAT MY WIFE AND I MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF ELIAS P. HUTCHESON, AN EXUBERANT AMERICAN HAWING FROM BLEEDING GULCH, NEBRASKA...

NOT AT ALL, HUTCHESON, BESIDES... AMELIA AND I CAN USE THE MORAL SUPPORT WHEN WE VISIT THE TORTURE TOWER!

COME LOOK! DOWN BELOW...

MIGHTY FINE OF YOU AN' THE MISSUS TO LET ME JOIN UP ON THIS HERE SIGHTSEEN' SASHAY, COLONEL... I 'PRECATE IT!



ISN'T IT CUTE? SHE'S TEACHING THE KITTEN TO PLAY!

RIGHT PURTY CRITTERS ...LE'S HAVE A LIL' FUN WITH 'EM!



OH, BE CAREFUL! YOU MIGHT HIT THEM!

SHUCKS, MA'AM, I'D AS SOON SCALP A BABY AS HURT AN ANIMAL! I'LL JUST DROP IT NEAR AN' THEY'LL WONDER WHERE IT CAME FROM...



IT MAY BE THERE IS AN ATTRACTION OF LESSER MATTER TO GREATER, OR WE DID NOT NOTICE THE WALL SLOPED OUT AT ITS BASE--BUT THE STONE FELL WITH A SICKENING THUD...

LORD! THE KITTEN...

SAY! I WOULDN'T UV HAD THIS HAPPEN FER A THOUSAND! SHOWS WHAT A CLUMSY FOOL CAN DO TRYIN' TO PLAY! HOPE YOU DON'T GRUDGE ME NONE, MA'AM...

N-NO...BUT THE MOTHER! LOOK AT HER! LOOK AT HER EYES...LIKE SHE *KNEW* HOW IT HAPPENED!



WITH A MUFFLED CRY, SUCH AS A HUMAN MIGHT GIVE, THE CAT MADE A WILD RUSH UP THE WALL, FALLING BACK WHEN MOMENTUM ENDED... AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN! EACH TIME, TO OUR HORROR, FALLING BACK INTO THE BLOOD OF HER OWN KITTEN...



SAWAGEST BEAST I EVER DID SEE-- I'CEPT ONCE WHEN AN APACHE SQUAW GOT AFTER A HALF-BREED WHO KILLED HER PAPOOSE ON A RAID...



...SHE FOLLERED HIM MORE'N THREE YEARS TILL AT LAST THE BRAVES GOT 'IM AND HANDED 'IM OVER TO HER. THEY SAY NO MAN, WHITE OR INJUN, EVER BEEN SO LONG A-DYIN'...



...BREED CASHED IN HIS CHIPS JUST AS WE CAME ON THE CAMP... THET SQUAW WAS SWILIN' FER THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE PAPOOSE BUSINESS WHEN I WIRED 'ER OUT!



I'VE NEVER SEEN AN ANIMAL BEHAVE SO! AS THOUGH SHE COULD KILL YOU ... HER EYES LOOK LIKE POSITIVE MURDER!

'SCUSE ME, MA'AM, BUT I CAN'T HELP LAUGHIN'! FANCY A MAN WHO'S FOUGHT GRIZZLIES AND INJUNS BEIN' MURDERED BY A CAT!

AT THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER, THE CAT'S Demeanor CHANGED. SHE NO LONGER TRIED TO JUMP OR RUN UP THE WALL...

SEE! THE EFFECT OF A STRONG MAN! EVEN THE ANIMAL IN HER FURY RECOGNIZES THE VOICE OF A MASTER AND BOWS TO HIM!

JEST LIKE A SQUAW!



AS WE MOVED ON OUR WAY ALONG THE ANCIENT CITY WALL, EVERY NOW AND THEN WE LOOKED OVER, AND EACH TIME SAW THE CAT FOLLOWING US...



WE'RE GOIN' INSIDE, MISSY! RECKON YOU CAN GO BACK NOW AN' HAVE A PRIVATE FUNERAL FER THE PORE BUSTED YOUNG'UN OF YOURS!

SURE SORRY 'BOUT THAT, BUT THE CRITTER'LL GET OVER IT IN TIME!

GUESS THAT THERE'S THE TORTURE TOWER WE BEEN HEARIN' SO MUCH ABOUT!



YOU ARE QUITE FORTUNATE. THE TOWER IS ONE OF NURNBERG'S MOST INTERESTING ATTRACTIONS. TOURISTS FLOCK THROUGH HERE... BUT THIS MORNING YOU HAVE IT ENTIRELY TO YOURSELVES!



YOU NOW STAND INSIDE ONE OF THE GREATEST MONUMENTS OF MAN'S CRUELTY TO MAN... ALL THE WEAPONS IN THE RACK BEHIND YOU WERE USED BY THE HEADSMEN, THOUGH THEY FAVORED THE DOUBLE-HANDED SWORD...



...NEXT WE HAVE THE ACTUAL CHOPPING BLOCKS USED, AND BEYOND THEM THE USUAL COMPLEMENT OF RACKS, BOOTS, COLLARS, ALL MADE FOR COMpressing AT WILL...



...AS WELL AS WATCHMEN'S HOOKS, THUMBSCREWS, AND THE MORE ELABORATE SPIKED CHAIR. YET THESE ARE ALL OVERSHADOWED BY ONE DEVICE, ONE DIABOLICAL CONTRIVANCE...



...THE INFAMOUS IRON VIRGIN OF NURNBERG!





A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF EFFORT IS NECESSARY TO FULLY DEMONSTRATE THE MAIDEN'S MENACE... EVEN WITH THE AID OF A PULLEY YOU WILL OBSERVE IT TAKES MUCH TO OPEN THE DOOR...

...THIS IS DUE PARTIALLY TO ITS WEIGHT AND ALSO BECAUSE IT IS DESIGNED TO **SLAM SHUT** WHEN THE TENSION ON THE CHAIN IS RELAXED!



H-HOW... HORRIBLE...

YOU WILL NOTICE WHAT APPEARS TO BE LARGE RUST STAINS ON THE INTERIOR... IN THE INTEREST OF DELICACY, I WILL ONLY SAY, IT IS **NOT RUST!**



NOW AIN'T THIS SUMPTIN'! 'PEARS TO ME THIS YOUNG MISS HOLDS A STRAIGHT FLUSH ALL HIGH ON ANYTHING THE APACHES EVER COME UP ON MY SIDE OF THE BIG DRINK!



GUESS I MIGHT TEST GIT IN THAT BOX A MINUTE TO SEE HOW SHE FEELS!

OH, NO! NO! IT'S TOO TERRIBLE!



SHUCKS, MA'AM, NOTHING'S TOO TERRIBLE TO THE EXPLORIN' MIND. FROM INJUN WARS TO CAVE-INS I'VE NOT BACKED DOWN ON AN ODD EXPERIENCE. YET, AH! I DON'T PROPOSE TO BEGIN NOW!



MEIN HERR, I MUST PROTEST!  
SUCH A THING IS HIGHLY IRREGU-  
LAR...IT CANNOT BE PERMITTED!



COME ON NOW, JUDGE, AIN'T  
NOBODY AROUND BUT US FOLKS...  
WHAT'S THE HARM? YOU TAKE THIS  
AN' DON'T BE SKEERED!



THE GUARD'S PROTEST WAS ONLY FORMAL  
AND MEANT TO BE OVERCOME. TAKING AN  
ALMOST CHILDISH DELIGHT IN THE WHOLE  
AFFAIR, HUTCHESON BACKED HIMSELF IN-  
TO THE OPENING...

THAT'S RIGHT,  
JUDGE. YOU RIG ME OUT JUST LIKE  
THEM DUDES IN THE MIDDLE AGES  
FACED THIS LITTLE LADY! I WANT  
TO GO INTO THIS THING FAIR AND  
SQUARE...



AIN'T MUCH ROOM IN HERE  
FOR A FULL GROWN CITIZEN  
OF THE USA TO HUSTLE. WE  
MAKE OUR COFFINS MORE  
ROOMIER THAN THIS!

HURRY UP, OLD  
MAN, IF YOU'RE  
DEAD SET ON DO-  
ING THIS, GET  
THROUGH IT QUICK!



DON'T PAY NO MIND TO MY NERVOUS FRIENDS,  
JUDGE...YOU JUST EASE THAT DOOR DOWN  
SLOW-LIKE! I WANT TO SEE HOW THEM OTHER  
JAYS FELT WITH THOSE SPIKES CLOSIN' IN  
ON 'EM!

N-NO... I DON'T THINK I  
CAN BEAR IT...IT'S TOO  
TERRIBLE!



THE GUARD MUST HAVE HAD IN HIM SOME OF THE BLOOD OF HIS PREDECESSORS IN THAT GHASTLY TOWER AS HE BEGAN TO SLOWLY SLACKEN INCH BY INCH THE CHAIN HOLDING SPIKED DEATH BACK FROM HUTCHESON, WHOSE FACE GREW POSITIVELY RADIANT WITH THE OWING'S MOVEMENT..



I LOOKED PRATICALLY FOR A PLACE TO REST MY WIFE AND DOWN SO BECAUSE MYSELF OF A FLASH OF AVORY GREEN EYES AND A BLURRED STREAK OF BLACK FUR MATTED WITH BLOOD...



ENCUMBERED WITH AMELIA, I TRIED AWKWARDLY TO BREAK THE ANIMAL'S CHARGE WHEN WITH A HELLISH SCREAM SHE HURLED HERSELF INTO THE AIR! NOT AT HUTCHESON AS WE EXPECTED...

...BUT STRAIGHT AT THE FACE OF THE GUARD!





THE GLASS OF THE BUS WINDOW IS COLD ON YOUR FACE AS YOU PEER ANXIOUSLY INTO THE NIGHT FOR SOME SIGN THAT THE LAST LEG OF YOUR INTERMINABLE JOURNEY IS NEARLY OVER... OUTSIDE, THERE IS ONLY THE SAME MONOTONOUS BLEND OF SNOW AND SKY. YOU SINK BACK INTO THE OVERHEATED INTERIOR AND FIND YOURSELF DRIFTING INTO AN UNCOMFORTABLE SLEEP...



BUT YOU, RABID READERS, BETTER STAY AWAKE BECAUSE THIS BUS IS TAKING YOU INTO A TERROR YEAPST... PERHAPS YOUR NERVES CAN STAND IT IF YOU STEEL YOURSELVES AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE...



# EARLY WARNING!

ABRUPTLY, THE BUS IS STOPPING AND YOU STUMBLE FORTH, CHILL AIR KNIFING INTO YOUR SLEEP-DEFUDDLED MIND AS THE DRIVER INTONES...



**LORD!** WHAT A WAY TO WAKE UP...  
BUS DEPOT CLOSED, NO  
SIGN OF A LIGHT ANYWHERE! FOR  
ALL I KNOW THEY DON'T EVEN  
HAVE ELECTRICITY HERE...

WEARILY, YOU GRIP YOUR  
BAG AND TRUDGE DOWN  
THE SNOW-COVERED STREET,  
WISHING WAKELY THAT YOU  
HAD NEVER ABANDONED THE  
BUS'S WARMTH AND COMFORT.

NO WONDER THE  
HOME OFFICE HASN'T  
BEEN GETTING ANY  
MORE ORDERS  
FROM THIS PLACE.  
IT'S A GHOST TOWN,  
GOES BEYOND JUST A  
SMALL TOWN SHUT  
UP FOR THE NIGHT...

**HEY! ANYBODY HOME?  
OPEN UP! HEY...**

OH, FINE!... LOCKED UP TIGHT!  
PROBABLY CAN'T AFFORD A NIGHT  
CLERK... WHAT THE @#\$%!! AM  
I GONNA DO?!

YOU STAMP YOUR FEET IN THE  
COLD AND STARE AROUND IN DIS-  
GUST. NEXT TO THE HOTEL IS A  
NARROW LITTLE ALLEYWAY.

WHAT TH-- SOME-  
THING LYING UP  
AHEAD...

MAYBE I  
CAN FIND A  
BACK  
ENTRANCE  
OPEN...

HORROR AND  
REVULSION RIDE  
WITH YOUR  
VERY HEARTBEAT  
AS YOU STAGGER  
NEAR. WHAT THE  
ALLEY'S INKY  
SHADOWS HAD  
MERCIFULLY  
HIDDEN...

OH  
MY  
GOD!



BUT THERE IS NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS... YOU FACE A WALL OF HATE-TWISTED FACES, A FACADE OF WITHERING HOSTILITY THAT IS ALREADY TRYING YOU AND SENTENCING YOU TO DEATH.



IT IS A SMALL CHANCE,  
BUT THE ONLY ONE  
AVAILABLE TO YOU!  
YOU PLUNGE INTO  
THEIR CONFUSED MIST,  
**KICKING,  
FLAILING  
AND...**



...STRIKING OUT IN EVERY  
DIRECTION UNTIL YOU BREAK  
FREE INTO THE STREET...

**STOP HIM! DON'T LET  
HIM GET AWAY... AFTER HIM!**



NOW YOU RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! SCRAM-  
BLING BLINDLY, KNOWING ONLY THAT  
YOU'RE MOVING AWAY FROM THE  
HOWLING, MADDENED HOARD WHICH  
THUNDERS HARD ON YOUR HEELS  
AS THE VERY SNOW ITSELF GRABS  
AND CLINGS TO YOUR CHURNING LEGS  
AS THOUGH BENT ON DELIVERING  
YOU TO THE MOB...



YOUR EYES TEAR  
AND STREAM WATER,  
YOUR FEET BECOME  
LEADEN, YOUR HEAVY  
CHEST PULLS IN ICY AIR  
THAT RIPS DOWN YOUR  
THROAT TO STRIKE  
LIKE DAGGERS IN  
YOUR TORTURED  
LUNGS... YOUR  
ENTIRE THROB-  
BING BODY  
SCREAMS  
FOR REST...



THERE IS NO TIME TO GET UP, YOU FEEL YOURSELF START TO GO TO PIECES AS THE CIRCLE OF VEN-  
GEANCE-MAD FACES DRAWS TIGHTLY AROUND YOU...

**PLEASE, NO! DON'T DO IT!  
PLEASE... NO! PLEASE!**





FROM EVERY DIRECTION, HANDS LAY HOLD OF YOUR PITIFULLY STRUGGLING FORM, PINNING YOU HOPELESSLY TO THE GROUND... YOU CRY WITH PAIN AS THE FRESHLY SHARPENED WOODEN STAKE IS SHOVED INTO POSITION OVER YOUR HEART... THEN, THROUGH THE WELLING TEARS IN YOUR EYES, YOU SEE THE HAMMER COME SWISHING DOWN IN ONE POWERFUL STROKE...



**YAHHHHHHHHHHHH!**

THE SCREAM DIES WITHIN YOUR OWN MIND AND THE FINAL PAIN NEVER COMES. ABRUPTLY, THE BUS IS STOPPING AND YOU STUMBLE FORTH, CHILL AIR KNIFING INTO YOUR SLEEP-REPUCCLED MIND, AS THE DRIVER INTONES...

**NIGHTMARE** ...JUST A NIGHTMARE... BUT IT WAS THIS TOWN... EXACTLY LIKE THIS TOWN...



**HEY! ANYBODY HOME? OPEN UP! HEY...**

IT'S ALL HAPPENING... RIGHT DOWN THE LINE! THERE'S THE ALLEYWAY OVER THERE...

INSTINCT TELLS YOU TO TURN, TO RUN, BUT YOU **HAVE** TO KNOW... IRRESISTIBLY YOU'RE DRAWN INTO THE ALLEY'S DEEP BLACKNESS.

**OH MY GOD!**



WITHOUT THINKING YOU BEND CLOSE, REACHING OUT TO THE PALE THROAT TO MAKE CERTAIN OF THE PRESENCE OF THE SAME SNAKE-LIKE HOUND AS IN THE DREAM, WHEN THE LIGHT HITS YOU...

THIS WAY! THIS WAY, MEN! I'VE CORNERED HIM!

WAIT! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, I DIDN'T...

AGAIN, THE SAME CROWD OF SULLEN FACES MATERIALIZE, YOU RECOGNIZE THEM ALL... AND YOU REALIZE IF EVER YOU ARE GOING TO GAIN FROM WHAT THE DREAM REVEALED TO YOU, IT HAS TO BE NOW!

LISTEN! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE KILLED THIS GUY! BUT, YOU'VE GOT TO HEAR ME OUT... THERE'S A WAY OF TESTING WHAT YOU SUSPECT!

ALL YOU NEED IS A MIRROR... THE LINDSEY CAST NO REFLECTIONS... JUST HOLD UP A MIRROR... ANYONE GOT A MIRROR? YOU'LL SEE FOR SURE I'M NO **VAMPIRE!**

WE'RE ALREADY CERTAIN OF THAT... AND YOU DIDN'T KILL THE GUY... ~~WE DID!~~ SHE WAS THE LAST HOLDOUT IN TOWN...

Y-YOU KILLED HER? B-BUT THAT WOULD MEAN IT'S YOU WHO ARE THE V-VAMPI—

IN A FLASH, YOU SEE THE EYES OF THE CROWD GO RED WITH BLOODLUST AND EVEN AS THE WORD FALLS OFF YOUR TONGUE YOU REALIZE YOU'D BE FAR BETTER OFF JUST TO SCREAM //

Heh, heh! Just goes to show you there's a big difference between dreams and reality, eh, kiddies? Actually, the Starksburg vampires aren't so smart, they're just winding up with one more mouth to feed. I suppose, if no more visitors show up, they'll soon be at each others' throats!

STEP UP TO THE BOX OFFICE, BREATHLESS SHOWBOYS, THE MAIN FEAR FEATURE IS READY TO ROLL...ALL YOU MONSTER MOVIE BUFFS ARE WISE TO BE ENTHRALLED BY THIS DEMONIC DRAMA OF A REPORTER WHOSE ASSIGNMENT TURNS INTO A

# SCREAM TEST!

ORGAN MUSIC...  
B-BUT THAT THEATRE'S  
BEEN ABANDONED  
FOR YEARS! IT  
MUST BE...

...GHOSTS! WE'VE RECEIVED REPORTS  
OF STRANGE MUSIC COMING FROM THE OLD  
ALHAMBRA ON BANK STREET. RESEARCH  
DEPARTMENT SAYS THE OWNER LIVES  
RIGHT NEXT DOOR...HE'LL SEE  
YOU THIS EVENING.

THANKS FOR  
THIS CHANCE,  
MR. FOSTER.  
I'LL DO MY  
BEST!

THIS GUY MANAGED THE THEATRE IN THE  
OLD DAYS. GET SOME HUMAN INTEREST  
STUFF! WHAT THE PLACE WAS LIKE IN ITS  
MEYERS...MAYBE THERE'S A STORY  
THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHAT'S  
GOING ON NOW...

HEH HEH,  
MAYBE YOU'LL  
EVEN SEE THE  
GHOST!





"CHANEY! THAT'S THE NAME TO CONJURE WITH... CHANEY! I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE MANY AFTERNOONS I PLAYED HOOKEY JUST TO WATCH HIM AND HIS FANTASTIC CREATIONS..."



CHARLIE CHAPLIN: THE TRAMP

"...BUT YOU DIDN'T COME JUST TO HEAR ME RAVAGE. YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT MY THEATRE? ABOUT THE ALHAMBRA?"

"WEIRD MUSIC'S BEEN HEARD COMING FROM THERE IN THE NIGHT, COMING FROM A DESERTED MOVIE HOUSE... SOME PEOPLE THINK... WELL... THEY THINK IT COULD BE THE GHOST OF THE THEATRE'S ORGANIST!"

"I SHOULD HOPE NOT! YOU SEE I WAS THE ORGANIST FOR MANY YEARS. THERE'S A SIMPLE EXPLANATION FOR THE MUSIC. I'VE FINALLY GOTTEN THE OLD THEATRE ORGAN IN WORKING SHAPE! PLAYING IT REMINDS ME OF THE OLD DAYS..."



## WAS CHANEY

"I STARTED WORKING AS AN USHER AFTER SCHOOL, BUT WAS SOON PROMOTED TO BARKER—STANDING OUTSIDE IN THE CHILL AIR, SHOUTING OUT AS BEST I COULD OF THE ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE TO BE SEEN INSIDE..."

"IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I WAS POUNDING AWAY ON THE PIANO IN THAT LITTLE THEATRE, SUPPLYING MUSICAL MOOD TO THE FLICKERING MAGIC ON THE SCREEN ABOVE! BUT I WAS AMBITIOUS... I WANTED TO BE AN ORGANIST IN ONE OF THE BIG MOVIE PALACES, FINALLY, I GOT MY CHANCE..."



"WELL I REMEMBER THAT FIRST DAY AND THE FIRST FILM THAT I ACCOMPANIED ON THE WURLITZER ORGAN— LON CHANEY IN HIS MAGNIFICENT PORTRAIT OF THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME!"



"THE WURLITZER WAS ONE OF THE MOST FANTASTIC INSTRUMENTS DEvised BY MAN. IT COULD IMITATE ANY SOUND FROM A BRASS BAND TO A CHOR OF ANGELS...WITH A FLICK OF MY FINGERS, ITS RUMBLINGS WOULD BOAR INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE BALCONY AND FREETE THE NARROW IN ONE'S BONES!"

"YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER THOSE DAYS...THEATRES HANDED OUT PROGRAMS THEN AND THE ORGANIST'S NAME WAS AS BIG AS THE NAMES OF THE STARS IN THE PICTURE! AND I, IVAN KIZE WAS ONE OF THE BEST!"



"I WAS AT THE TOP OF THE HEAP, MAKING BIG MONEY AND INVESTING ALL OF IT IN THE THEATRE..."

"FINALLY, I BECAME MANAGER AND THEN OWNER  
OF THE ALHAMBRA, FOR A FEW SHORT YEARS MY  
SUCCESS WAS GOLDEN AND THEN..."



...AND THEN  
THE SOUND ERA  
CAME IN?



YES, BUT TRAGEDY  
STRUCK EVEN BEFORE  
THAT. MY CAREER  
ENDED EVEN BEFORE  
THE SILENTS DID!

WHAT  
HAPPENED?

IT'S TOO  
PAINFUL TO  
TALK ABOUT  
I CANNOT!



I WONDER WHAT HIS SECRET  
IS... WHAT COULD MAKE HIM FEEL  
THIS WAY... THERE MAY  
STILL BE A STORY  
IN ALL THIS...



PERHAPS  
IF I...

WOULD YOU LIKE TO  
HEAR ME PLAY? ABOUT  
THIS TIME OF EVENING  
I GO OVER TO THE  
THEATRE ANYWAY...



YOU MUST FORGIVE THE CONDITION, WIRB STREET... I'M NOT ABLE TO CLEAN THE WHOLE THEATRE BY MYSELF. ALL MY ENERGIES HAVE GONE TO THE WURLITZER...

...I'LL GO NOW AND START THE PROJECTOR.



AND THE GREAT WURLITZER BEGAN TO SPIN ITS WEB OF FANTASY AGAIN, AS IT HAD DECADERS AGO...



AS LON CHANEY SILENTLY GLIDED THROUGH THE OPERA HOUSE ON THE SCREEN, DUSKIN BEGAN TO MEDITATE...

WHAT WAS THE GREAT TRAGEDY HE MENTIONED? IF ONLY HE HAD SAID MORE... I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!



ABSORBED IN THE MAGIC OF HIS MUSIC AND THE FLICKERING FILM SHADOWS, KIRK FORGOT ABOUT HIS YOUNG VISITOR...

THE WALL SEEMS STAINED AND CHARRED AROUND THE ORGAN... OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED!



...MY FATHER ONCE TOLD ME ABOUT A FIRE IN A MOVIE HOUSE WHILE HE WAS WATCHING A SILENT FILM... IT MUST HAVE BEEN THIS THEATRE!







LOOKS LIKE OLD KIRK WAS *MASKING* HIS TRUE FEELINGS, OH, KIDDIES? WELL, THAT BRINGS AN END TO THIS *SHRIEK* SHOWING, SO I SUGGEST YOU MOVE ON WHILE I REEL OFF MY NEXT *HORROR* HANDWORK...



AND NOW A LITTLE PULSE-POUNDER, ABOUT A MAN WHO'S FOUND  
A PERFECT METHOD FOR GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER...OR  
SO IT SEEMS TO HIM, UNTIL HE DISCOVERS THAT THERE'S...

# MADNESS IN THE METHOD!



ALL WAS GREY...  
THE DANK, DRAB  
DAY, THE DREARY  
BUILDINGS BEHIND  
THE GRIM WALLS  
OF THE ASYLUM  
WHERE, A JUDGE  
HAD DECREED  
HENRY BELMONT  
WAS TO LIVE OUT  
THE REST OF  
HIS LIFE...

IF YOU GO,  
HENRY! THIS  
IS YOUR NEW  
HOME...

MUSN'T OVERDO ANYTHING...  
GOT TO PLAY IT CARE-  
FULLY HERE WHERE  
THEY LIVE WITH  
MADMEN!



I'M CAPTAIN DUNNION, HENRY!  
HEAD GUARD HERE AT HANNIFORD...  
NO NEED TO BE UNEASY!  
WE'RE ONE BIG FAMILY  
HERE, Y'KNOW!



REALLY, THIS WASN'T  
NECESSARY! YOU  
CAN SEE HENRY'S  
A GENTLE MAN...

HE'S PATRONIZING ME...AS  
IF I WERE A WITLESS  
IDOT! BUT THEN...THAT'S  
WHAT I'M SUPPOSED  
TO BE!



**I**NITIAL PROCESSING COMPLETED, HENRY FOLLOWED THE CAPTAIN DOWN SOMBER HALLS LEADING TO...

YOUR OWN PRIVATE ROOM, HENRY! YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE, AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU WANT... WELL, WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU...

I DIDN'T EXPECT THINGS  
TO BE LIKE THIS! IT'S NO  
BAD, NOT HALF BAD!

THEN DUNNION LEFT HIM, AND HENRY DIDN'T MIND...EVEN WHEN THE KEY RATTLED OUTSIDE THE DOOR, LOCKING IT WITH A CLICK...

THAT'S THAT! I'VE  
GOTTEN AWAY WITH  
IT! I'LL STAY HERE  
A YEAR, MAYBE  
TWO OR THREE!  
AND THEN...

EEEAYYAY!

WHAT TH... THE  
INMATES! MUST  
BE SOME OF  
THEM...SCREAM-  
ING... LORD,  
WHAT A SOUND!

HENRY COMPOSED HIMSELF AND WAITED FOR THE MANIACAL SCREAMING TO STOP... DIRTY FACED INTO THE SMALL HOURS OF NIGHT AND STILL HE WAITED. NERVE ENDS TORN BY THE SOUND...

DON'T THEY  
STOP? DON'T  
THEY EVER  
STOP? OH,  
GOD...

# FEAR

A black and white photograph showing a person in mid-air, jumping over a large, stylized, blocky letter 'A'. The person is wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants. The background is dark. The letter 'A' is very large and has a textured, blocky appearance. The person's legs are spread wide as they clear the letter. The overall style is graphic and dynamic.

...IT'S GOT ME TRYING  
THIS DOOR EVERY TEN  
MINUTES TO BE SURE  
IT'S LOCKED! ENOUGH  
TO DRIVE A MAN MAD

HA! I MUST  
BE CAREFUL  
NEVER TO SAY  
THAT ALOUD!

**BUT THE  
TORMENTING  
SHRIEK'S  
LEFT NO  
ROOM  
FOR HUMOR  
AND  
SLEEP  
BECAME  
AN  
IMPOSSIBILITY.  
DESPERATELY,  
HENRY  
SOUGHT  
REFUGE  
IN  
THE  
PAST...**

YOU'D LAUGH AT ME NOW IF YOU WERE ALIVE, MYRTLE! YOU'D SAY I BROUGHT IT ON MYSELF, WOULDN'T YOU, MYRTLE?

...AND THE LAWN, HENRY! THE NEIGHBORS ARE TALKING ABOUT THE LAWN... WEEDS TWO FEET HIGH! THEY'RE SAYING THINGS ABOUT YOU...

...I HEAR OTHER WOMEN TALK ABOUT THEIR HUSBANDS! PROMOTIONS! RAISES! BUT YOU, HENRY... THE SAME LITTLE JOB, THE SAME PITIFUL PAY...

POUR IT ON, MYRTLE! RUB IT IN! MAKE ME HATE YOU BEYOND ENDURANCE! MAKE WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO EASIER!



LOST IN MEMORIES OF THOSE LAST WEEKS WITH HIS WIFE, DAWN SNEAKED UP ON HENRY BELMONT...

IT...IT'S MORNING? BUT I HAVEN'T SLEPT... COULDN'T SLEEP IN THIS ROOM! YOU'VE GOT TO MOVE ME!

THE NOISE BOTHERS YOU? COME ON, HENRY... YOU SHOULD ENJOY THE SCREAMING AND HOWLING! JOIN IN WITH THE OTHERS!



CAPTAIN DUNNON SAID IF THERE WAS ANYTHING I NEEDED...

VERY WELL, I'LL ASK THE CAPTAIN TO CHANGE YOUR QUARTERS. BUT YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO BE HAPPY IF YOU DON'T LEARN TO ADJUST...

... AND CAPTAIN DUNNON PROVED A MAN OF HIS WORD...

IT HURTS DEEPLY WHEN ONE OF MY CHARGES ISN'T HAPPY, HENRY! I TRUST THIS ARRANGEMENT WILL GIVE YOU THE QUIET YOU DEMAND...

WHAT IS IT WITH THE GUARDS... WITH DUNNON... CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT!



# A PADDED CELL!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO DESERVE THIS! **LET ME OUT!** YOU MUST BE CRAZY TO PUT ME IN HERE! **LET ME OUT!**

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! THERE'S JUST NO PLEASING YOU, IS THERE, HENRY? VERY WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE...



THIS IS ALBERT BRODERICK, HENRY! I TRUST YOU'LL GET ALONG WELL TOGETHER... NO MORE TROUBLE...

YES, YES! IT'LL BE GOOD JUST TO HAVE SOMEONE TO TALK TO!



THE DOOR SHUT, THE LOCK TURNED! FOOTSTEPS RETREATED DOWN THE HALL...

THANK GOD, HE'S GONE! THAT DUNNION'S ALMOST AS BAD AS ANY OF THE INMATES! WHAT'S THE STORY ON HIM...



HENRY WAS STILL SCREAMING MINUTES LATER WHEN THE DOOR BURST OPEN AND CAPTAIN DUNNION ENTERED, GENTLY AND PATIENTLY REMOVING THE CLAWING GRASPING MANIAC FINGERS FROM HENRY'S THROAT...

H-H-E'S A MADMAN... VIOLENTLY INSANE! ALMOST... KILLED ME...

THAT'S ENOUGH, HENRY! I WON'T HAVE YOU PROVOKING OUR OTHER INMATES! IF YOU CAN'T APPRECIATE WHAT I DO FOR YOU, PERHAPS YOU'LL PREFER THE DOCTORS' RECOMMENDATIONS!



WE'RE NOT PLEASED WITH YOUR ATTITUDE, HENRY. NOT PLEASED AT ALL! FROM WHAT THE CAPTAIN TELLS US, I FEAR WE MUST BE HARSH WITH YOU...

BLASTED DUNNION! I DON'T CARE TELL THEM WHAT A NUT HE IS AS LONG AS HE'S STANDING HERE...

NORMALITY IS A MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT, HENRY! YOUR RECORD INDICATES AN INABILITY TO COPE WITH YOUR SURROUNDINGS...

THE DOCTORS' VOICES DROINED ON... MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT, ADAPTABILITY TO SURROUNDINGS... THEY TALKED ON AND ON, JUST AS MYRTLE HAD DONE...

**PARANOIA**, HENRY! I DISCUSSED IT WITH DR. MARSH AND THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS IS WRONG WITH YOU... HENRY! AREN'T YOU LISTENING? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'VE DONE?

YOU'VE DONE SPLENDIDLY, MY DEAR...

...YOU'VE SPREAD THE MYTH OF MY INSANITY UNTIL EVERYONE, EVEN OUR DOCTOR, IS CONVINCED OF IT! AND NOW...

...THUS, UNTIL YOU CAN LEARN TO LIVE IN OUR LITTLE COMMUNITY HERE AT HANNEFORD, HENRY, WE CAN ONLY RECOMMEND YOU TO THE **VIOLENT WARD!**

V-VIOLENT WARD? BUT... BUT LOOK, I'M NOT VIOLENT! I'M NOT! IT'S DUNNION... HIS GUARDS... THE PLACES THEY PUT ME...



THE DOCTORS SHOOK THEIR HEADS, EYEBING HIM WITH RHY AS DUNNION LEAD HIM FROM THE ROOM AND DOWN... DOWN DEEP INTO THE OLD BUILDING'S DEPTHS... DOWN INTO HORROR...

POOR HENRY! I KNOW YOU WON'T LIKE IT HERE, BUT IT WILL TEACH YOU... AH... HUMILITY!

Y-YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE... IT'S MAD! LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES... PLEASE, DUNNION... PLEASE!



DUNNION TURNED, SHAKING HIS HEAD SADLY, LEAVING HENRY TO SHARE THE TORMENT OF THE MADDENED, TWISTED MINDS... LEAVING HIM TO SEEK THE ONLY REFUGE LEFT, HIS OWN MEMORIES...



...THE SYMPTOMS WERE CLASSIC! I WARNED MRS. BELMOND HE MIGHT BECOME VIOLENT... SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT OF HER HUSBAND...

THANK YOU, DR. MARSH! WITH THE REST OF THE TESTIMONY PRESENTED, I'M SURE THE COURT WILL AGREE WITH OUR RECOMMENDATION.

IT IS THE DECISION OF THIS COURT THAT THE DEFENDENT, HENRY BELMOND, BE COMMITTED TO A MENTAL INSTITUTION... UNTIL CONSIDERED AS FIT TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN SOCIETY...

I'VE DONE IT! I'LL PLAY IT CAREFULLY AND IN NO TIME, THEY'LL LET ME OUT!



**LET ME OUT!**

**I CAN'T STAND THIS! KEEP THEM AWAY! GET THEM OFF ME!**

**NYAAAAA**



A HELLSH ETERNITY PAST UNTIL FINALLY HENRY'S PITIFUL SHRIEKS WERE ANSWERED...

AGAIN, HENRY! WON'T YOU EVER LEARN, HAVEN'T WE WARNED YOU?

PLEASE... I DON'T BELONG HERE... I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE... I'M A MURDERER... I WANT TO CONFESS...



CONFESS, HENRY? YOU'RE NOT RESPONDING WELL AT ALL! (THIS IS A TERRIBLE REGRESSION, CAN'T YOU TRY TO ADJUST? WE ALL HAVE TO, YOU KNOW!)

I TELL YOU I **MURDERED** MY WIFE... **PRETENDED** TO BE INSANE! IT WAS PREMEDITATED MURDER!



HENRY PEERED ANXIOUSLY, DESPERATELY FROM ONE FATIGUED, SMILING FACE TO THE NEXT, TRYING TO CONVINCE THEM...

COME, HENRY! YOU CAN'T FOOL A JUDGE, ATTORNEYS, DOCTORS... IT'S ALL DELUSION!

I'LL GET LIFE IMPRISONMENT, LOSE MY WIFE'S INSURANCE MONEY... WOULD I ADMIT ALL THIS IF I WERE INSANE?



THIS IS GETTING US NOWHERE! THERE'S ONE SURE TEST TO SETTLE THE QUESTION...

I DON'T KNOW, DOCTOR... THAT METHOD'S VERY CONTROVERSIAL... STILL, WE HAVEN'T DONE IT IN A LONG TIME...

I CAN'T STAND THIS PLACE ANYMORE! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY JUST LIKE IT DID YOUR GUARDS! I'LL SUBMIT TO ANY TEST TO GET OUT OF HERE... **ANYTHING!**



FINE, HENRY! NOW WE'LL SETTLE ONCE AND FOR ALL IF THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH YOUR MIND...

W-WAIT...WHAT KIND OF TEST IS THIS... WAIT... **NOOOO!**



**SHORTLY, THE SCREAMING STOPPED, AND THE DOCTORS WERE ABLE TO COMPLETE THE TEST...**

I FEAR, GENTLEMEN, WE BADLY MISJUDGED HENRY BELMOND... HIS BRAIN LOOKS PERFECTLY NORMAL TO ME!

UNQUESTIONABLY, DOCTOR! PERFECTLY NORMAL! HEEHEE... **PERFECTLY NORMAL!**



WHMM, FELLOW INVITES, EVERYONE AT HANNEFORD ADJUSTED SO WELL TO THEIR SURROUNDINGS THAT EVEN THE STAFF WAS NUTS! WHAT A **CRAZY** STORY... BUT IF YOU'RE NOT **INSANE** OVER THIS ONE, TRY MY NEXT MIND-BENDER!





# THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



Step right in, WRITHING READERS! Watch out for the vampires, they're a little better, and draw yourselves down into the darkness for another MONSTROUS MEETING of ye elite CREEPY FAN CLUB conducted by your own master of mayhem, UNCLE CREEPY. There are plenty of pulsating proceedings lined up for you, so let's leap right in to the WEIRD WORKS . . .

To begin with, we have this month's bubbling biography of yet another of our series illustrators. . . . One whose rapid rendering of my screen stories has placed him high on the list of our fans' favorite favorites . . . ANGELO TORRES!



Angelo's birthplace was San-tino, Puerto Rico on April 14th, 1932. The silver screen captured Angelo's fancy even at a young age, and by the time he was five, he was an inveterate movie fan, especially of serials. Luckily for lovers of comic art, one of Angelo's relatives used to buy practically every comic book that came out (he had a shed piled high with them), and these he shared with Angelo. This, plus absorbing the Sunday funnies, soon had Angelo writing and drawing his own strips by the time he was nine or ten. When he was fifteen, his parents dragged him out of the local movie theater, and they moved to New York.

There Angelo made the decision that art would be his career and immediately began his formal training by entering the School of Industrial Arts. Shortly after graduating in 1950, Angelo was drafted, winding up as a radio operator in Korea. The G.I. Bill made it possible for him to attend the Cartoonists and Illustrators School after finishing his service time. He studied under "Tarzan" artist, Bernie Hogarth and became further influenced by Hal Foster and others.

While there, Angelo met Al Williamson and began working with him on some of the stories Al was doing for EC comics. Angelo's abilities won him successive scholarships his first two years at the school, and in his third year he won a contest sponsored by Timely comics (now Marvel) in which all contestants did versions of the same story and the winner was published in one of Timely's fantasy comics. This paved the way for Angelo to do more work for editor Stan Lee at Timely. Unfortunately, Angelo was breaking out to the scene at a bad period in comics history, and about the time he was going to do work on his own for the popular and well-done EC line, they, along with many other firms, went out of business.

For about a year, Angelo continued working with Stan Lee, doing other freelance work in the meantime, most of which was advertising. A call from Bob Powell turned out to be an invitation to try his hand at humorous illustration, which Angelo had never attempted before. He proved to have a flair for it which developed into regular work first from Powell, then CRACKED, and finally SICK where Angelo continues to be a regular contributor. When CREEPY was being formed, Al Williamson recommended Angelo, and comic fans have been the better for it ever since. . . . His fine pen and ink style as well as his wild wash work has brought a dynamic dimension to all his jobs for Warren Publishing, as the compliments of the final

critics, all you fiendish fans, constantly attest.

Recently married (a little over a year at this writing), Angelo and his attractive wife, Jean, live on a farm in the hills of Pennsylvania, surrounded by over eighty acres of woods and wildlife, which both of them enjoy observing. Besides fishing, and hunting and target shooting on occasion, photography is Angelo's

prime pastime, and he hopes to graduate to a movie camera. His ambience reaps from traveling around the country sketching, painting, and photographing, to catching up on his reading, but all seem to boil down to just enjoying life. We figure he's really entitled to just that, because his artwork constantly makes life a lot more enjoyable for the rest of us.

Having cruelly chronicled another of our pulsating protocols, let's turn to some NONSTROUS MATERIAL submitted by you FIENDISH FANS. For those of you aching to see your own eerie efforts on these pages, remember you must be a club member and we can only tell that if you give your club number with each submission. For best printed results, art should be done in black ink or very dark pencil and not felled. Now, our first CONVULSING CONTRIBUTION, by member No. 587, DANNY CHADBOURNE, of Bryan, Texas . . .





READY FOR SOME ACID ART APPRECIATION, DUNGEON DWELLERS? HAND ME MY HORROR HAMMER AND CHILL CHISEL, AND YOUR FAVORITE UNCLE WILL KNOCK OUT A LITTLE MONSTERPIECE ALL ABOUT A MASTER SCULPTOR WHO MANAGES TO CAPTURE...

**FEAR** **STONE**

HIS FACE A TWISTED MASK OF RAGE, FREDERICK HOLBERT TIGHTLY GRIPPED THE SMOOTH WOOD OF THE SLEDGE-HAMMER HANDLE AND SENT THE HEAVY MALLET HEAD SWINGING IN A WIDE DESTRUCTIVE ARC, WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS SCULPTOR'S MUSCLES, WITH ALL THE ANGER OF YEARS OF FRUSTRATION AND FAILURE...

GREAT SCOTT, HOLBERT!  
YOUR STATUE...

WHAT DO YOU CARE, TYNAN? YOU HATE IT, DON'T YOU? YOU AND ALL THE OTHER CRITICS!!



NO ONE'S EVER LIKED MY WORK! YOU ALL WANT CLASSIC, GRACEFUL STATUES...THINGS TO INSPIRE BEAUTY! I CARVE MONSTERS... TO INSPIRE FEAR! YOU CAN'T ACCEPT THAT, CAN YOU, TYNAN?

CRITICS DON'T JUDGE YOUR PURPOSE, HOLBERT, ONLY HOW WELL YOU ACHIEVE IT... AND YOUR STATUES FAIL MISERABLY!

ONLY ONE SCULPTOR HAS CAPTURED TRUE FEAR... *STAVROS DIMITRIOS*! A TRUE GENIUS! HE WASTES NO TIME WITH GROTESQUE, UNBELIEVABLE MONSTERS, HE DOES *PEOPLE*... CAUGHT IN THE MOMENT OF EXTREME HORROR! MAGNIFICENT!

IF YOU EVER HOPE FOR SUCCESS, DIMITRIOS IS THE MAN YOU MUST EQUAL!



ANGRILY, FREDERICK HOLBERT, USHERED THE CRITIC FROM HIS STUDIO, CURSING HIM. FOR A WEEK HE SULKED AND BROODED AMID THE DEBRIS AND CLUTTER OF HIS SELF-DESTRUCTED WORK, BUT IN THE END, AS HE KNEW HE WOULD FROM THE MOMENT TYNAN MENTIONED THE NAME, HOLBERT WENT TO VIEW THE ART OF *STAVROS DIMITRIOS*...

IT'S EVERYTHING THAT FOOL TYNAN SAID! EVERYTHING MY WORK SHOULD BE AND ISN'T! *BLAST!* HOW DOES HE DO IT? SO LIFE-LIKE? NO SCULPTOR EVER HAD A TOUCH LIKE THAT!



THE DETAILING'S INCREDIBLE,  
DOWN TO THE TEXTURE OF THE  
CLOTH! IT MUST BE THE TYPE  
STONE...OR A SPECIAL TECH-  
NIQUE... WHAT'S HIS SECRET?

REMOVE  
YOUR  
HANDS!  
SUCH ART  
ISN'T TO BE  
PAWED!

WHAT'S IT TO YOU,  
OLD MAN?

YOU THINK BY  
GRASPING AND  
FEELING THE STONE,  
THE SKILL WILL RUB OFF  
ONTO YOU... YOU THINK YOU  
CAN TOUCH THE SECRET OF  
SUCH A STATUE? BAH! ONLY ONE  
MAN HAS THE POWER TO  
CREATE LIKE THIS... ME!  
DIMITRIOS!

MR.  
DIMITRIOS!  
I'M SORRY..  
I DIDN'T

KNOW...PLEASE!  
I'M A SCULPTOR MYSELF  
...IF YOU COULD TELL ME HOW

YOU DO IT...

MR.  
DIMITRIOS...  
PLEASE!

TELL?  
I AM A GREEK!  
THE ANCIENT SKILLS THAT  
PRODUCED THE GREAT  
STATUES OF THE GOLDEN  
AGE ARE MY HERITAGE...MY  
METHODS ARE MY OWN! I  
HAVE NOTHING TO TELL  
YOU, OR ANYONE!

HE'S OLD...ARTHRITIC...THOSE  
TWISTED HANDS COULD NEVER  
SHAPE THE DETAILING I'VE SEEN  
...NOT WITHOUT SOME  
SPECIAL METHOD!

HOLBERT RETREATED  
FROM THE OLD MAN'S  
BALEFUL STARE, AND  
BEGAN TO AIMLESSLY STALK  
THE STREETS IN A DARK  
MOOD OF DISAPPOINTMENT  
AND DISGUST...WALKING  
FOR HOURS UNTIL HIS  
FOOTSTEPS LED HIM TO THE  
AREA OF THE CITY FOR ALL  
WHO HAD GIVEN UP CARE...  
OR HOPE...

DIMITRIOS!  
WHAT'S HE DOING DOWN HERE...  
WANDERING AMONG BUMS AND  
WINDS? SEEMS ALMOST TO BE  
STUDYING THEM...

STEALTHILY CURIOUSLY HOLBERT BEGAN TO FOLLOW STAVROS DIMITRIOS AS THE UGLY BENT FIGURE WENT ABOUT STRANGE BUSINESS FOR A MASTER SCULPTOR....

KEEPS FEEDING-  
DRINKS TO THAT BUM...  
GETTING HIM DRUNK...

THE GUY'S  
SO JUICED, HE'LL GO  
ALONG WITH ANYTHING DIMITRIOS  
WANTS! WHERE THEY OFF TO  
NOW..?

MUST BE HIS  
STUDIO...THIS FACTORY  
AREA, DESERTED BY  
NIGHT, GIVES DIMITRIOS  
PLENTY OF PRIVACY FOR  
...FOR WHAT?!

USING THE  
FIRE ESCAPE OF A  
NEIGHBORING BUILD-  
ING, HOLBERT MADE HIS WAY  
TO THE ROOF OF THE OLD  
GREEK'S STUDIO, PAINSTAKINGLY  
EASING HIS WAY TOWARD THE  
SKYLIGHT, STRAINING IN FEAR THAT  
THE SOUND OF THE GRAVEL UNDER-  
FOOT MIGHT GIVE HIM AWAY WHEN...

WHAT TH-  
THE LIGHTS  
JUST WENT OUT!

HARDLY DARING TO BREATHE, HOLBERT EDGED FORWARD TO THE GLASS OF THE SKYLIGHT, HIS EYES STRAINING TO CATCH WHAT THE MOONLIGHT REVEALED OF THE STUDIO'S DARKENED INTERIOR. A FAINT CHUCKLING FILTERED OUT TO HIM FROM THE HUNCHED FORM OF DIMITRIOS. THE SCULPTOR'S DRINKING COMPANION WAS NOT TO BE SEEN...

THE OLD BIRD ACTS LIKE HE'S GOT THE CROWN JEWELS IN THAT BOX! IF HE'S GOT A SECRET, IT MUST BE LOCKED UP IN THERE... BUT HOW DOES HE USE IT? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BUM...?



THE ANSWER CAME SOMETIME LATER, WHEN A NEW ADDITION WAS MADE TO THE EXHIBIT OF STAVROS DIMITRIOS'S WORK...

I-IT'S HIM... SAME ONE THE OLD MAN PICKED UP ON SKID ROW! JUST LIKE DIMITRIOS SET HIM ON A PEDESTAL...



...OF COURSE! THAT'S THE ANSWER! DIMITRIOS DOESN'T CARVE STATUES, HE USES LIVING PEOPLE! HE'S FOUND SOME KIND OF SOLUTION YOU CAN POUR OVER THEM THAT HARDENS INTO STONE!

THAT'S WHAT HE KEEPS LOCKED UP IN THE IRON BOX! SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS NEEDED...



HE ALWAYS USES DERELICTS SO NEITHER POLICE NOR FAMILIES MISS THEM AND CAUSE TROUBLE! NO WONDER HIS STATUES ALWAYS LOOK HORRIFIED!

WHY HIS STATUES? AFTER TO-NIGHT MY STATUES!



ANTICIPATION CHAWED AT HOLBERT, PLUCKING AT HIS NERVES UNTIL AT LONG LAST IT WAS NIGHT...

AT LAST! THE OLD FOOL'S FINALLY LEAVING... OFF TO FIND ANOTHER MODEL...

JUST AS I THOUGHT... NO TOOLS, NO EQUIPMENT! JUST A FEW PEDESTALS...

ONCE AGAIN, HE TOOK TO THE ROOF, FORCING OPEN THE SKYLIGHT...

... FAT LOT OF GOOD IT'LL DO HIM WHEN I'VE MADE OFF WITH HIS 'SCULPTING' MATERIAL!

... BUT WITH THIS WHAT ELSE DOES HE NEED?

TOOLS I BROUGHT'LL HAVE THAT LOCK OFF IN A MINUTE!

SO! MY LITTLE RUSE WORKED...

GOING!  
DIMITRIOS!



I TOLD YOU, HOLBERT. THE STRAIN OF ANCIENT GREECE RUNS IN ME...WE'RE NOT EASILY FOOLED! DON'T YOU THINK I KNEW WHEN YOU FOLLOWED ME? DIDN'T YOU THINK I'D BE PREPARED...?

DON'T GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE, OLD MAN... I'M CRACKING OPEN THIS BOX! IT'S TIME YOU SHARED YOUR PREVIOUS SECRET!

EXACTLY MY INTENTION! BUT WHY RUIN THE BOX WHEN YOU CAN USE MY KEY...

YOU'RE GOING TO COOPERATE WITH ME?

CERTAINLY. I WAS FORTUNATE TO FIND THIS PROCESS, IT HAD BEEN LOST FOR CENTURIES... SINCE YOU'VE LEARNED SO MUCH ALREADY, I MIGHT AS WELL SHARE IT WITH YOU!



FEVERISH EXCITEMENT SWEEP HOLBERT AS HIS MOIST FINGERS CLUTCHED THE KEY, FUMBLING IT INTO THE LOCK WHICH WAS ANCIENT AND STIFF AS THE OLD MAN WHO BARBLED ON HALF-HEARD BEHIND HIM.

PERSUAS YOU'VE HEARD OF MEDUSA? A LADY OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY...

YES, YES... I THINK SO... SOME DAME WITH SNAKES ON HER HEAD INSTEAD OF HAIR... OR SOMETHING...



AT LAST THE LOCK CAME OPEN. HOLBERT'S HEART POUNDED AS HIS TREMBLING HAND BEGAN TO SHINK OPEN THE LID, STILL THE OLD MAN TALKED ON...

THAT'S RIGHT, ONE OF THE GORGONS. HER HEAD WAS HEWN OFF BY PERSEUS AND CARRIED AWAY. STILL, SHE WAS QUITE REMARKABLE...



...AS YOU  
CAN SEE!

AAVEEE

EVEN AS THE SCREAM BEGAN, DWITROS,  
EYES TIGHTLY SHUT, FLICKED OFF THE  
LIGHT, AND IN THE ROOM'S BLACKNESS,  
PUSHED SHUT THE LID OF THE METAL  
BOX WITH HIS CANE. ONLY THEN, DID HE  
CONTINUE SPEAKING....

YES, QUITE  
REMARKABLE,  
SINCE ALL WHO  
VIEW MEDUSA'S  
FACE ARE  
TURNED TO  
STONE!!

ALL THERE  
WAS TO KNOW OF  
MY ART... IN FACT,  
I'VE TITLED THE  
STATUE: *THE  
SECRET  
REVEALED!!*

FANTASTIC!  
ONE OF YOUR BEST!  
AND THE MODEL....  
I KNOW HIM! FREDERICK  
HOLBERT, I SUGGESTED  
HE SHOULD STUDY  
YOUR WORK... DID  
HE LEARN ANYTHING  
FROM YOU?

A SHORT TIME  
LATER, CRITICS  
AND CONNOISSEURS  
WERE DELIGHTED  
TO LEARN THAT  
STAVROS DWITROS  
HAD CREATED  
YET ANOTHER  
MASTERPIECE...

AH, AT LONG  
LAST HOLBERT  
IS GETTING  
CRITICAL RECOG-  
NITION, EVEN  
THOUGH IT IS  
A BIT *ROCKY*  
FOR HIM! NOW,  
ALL OF YOU  
WHO WEREN'T  
TURNED TO STONE  
LOOKING AT  
MEDUSA'S PICTURE,  
CAN TURN TO MY  
STATUESQUE  
STARTLER....





JUDGING FROM THE HAPPY HUM OF ALL THOSE LITTLE IRIDIUM-SPONGE BRAINS, YOU'RE ALL SET FOR ANOTHER SESSION WITH OUR MECHANICAL MARVEL... GET READY TO BE BUSTED UP, GANG, BY...

# ADAM LINK, GANGBUSTER!

ONE SHORT WEEK BEFORE EVE'S TRIAL! COULD I EXPOSE THE **BLACK FIST GANG** WHICH HAD PINNED TWO OF THEIR KILLINGS ON HER? A LEAD HAD BROUGHT ME TO AN OLD WAREHOUSE WHERE THREE OF THE MOBSTERS WHISPERED PLANS, NOT AWARE THAT THE SHARP MECHANICAL EARS OF **ADAM LINK, DETECTIVE**, WERE EAVESDROPPING.

THE BOSS SAYS TO LAY LOW UNTIL THAT **METAL GAME** GETS THE RAP... FOR GUYS WE BUMPED OFF! HA, HA!

YEAH, HARVEY BRIGGS IS PLENTY SMART...

SHUT YOUR TRAP, LEFTY! DIDN'T THE BOSS SAY NEVER TO MENTION HIS NAME... ANYWHERE, ANYTIME?



THAT WAS ALL I NEEDED TO KNOW!

HARVEY BRIGGS, "RESPECTABLE" CITY COUNCILMAN, HE'S THE BRAINS BEHIND THE GANG, THE MASTERMIND WHO PINNED THIS MURDER RAP ON EVE... NOW I CAN GO AFTER HIM...



BUT IN MY EXULTATION I WAS UNAWARE OF FOOTSTEPS, AND SUDDENLY...

TALK, CHUM! ARE YOU MAYBE A DICK HIRED BY ADAM LINK, HUH?

IF ONLY THEY KNEW THE TRUTH! BUT I CAN'T EXPOSE MYSELF NOW BY USING MY POWERS TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT... IT WOULD TIP OFF HARVEY BRIGGS THAT ADAM LINK IS ON HIS TRAIL! I'LL PLAY DUMB...



WON'T TALK, EH? HE MIGHTA HEARD THE BIG GUY'S NAME SO... LET HIM HAVE IT!

LUCKILY IN THIS DIM LIGHT THEY DON'T SEE THE BULLETS BOUNCING OFF MY METAL BODY! I'LL PLAY THE GAME OUT... STAGGERING AND FALLING...



HE'S DEAD... NO PULSE!

OF COURSE NOT... BECAUSE A ROBOT DOESN'T HAVE A HEART! THIS IS ALMOST FUNNY!

WHY LEAVE A BODY? A FIRE TAKES CARE OF EVERYTHING! LET'S BEAT IT!



THEY DID NOT KNOW THAT BEHIND THEM A "DEAD" MAN ESCAPED DEATH AGAIN, THIS TIME FROM A BLAZING FIRE...

CLOTHING'S CAUGHT FIRE... I'LL BEAT OUT THE FLAMES THEN HURRY TO JACK HALL'S APARTMENT FOR SOME NEW CLOTHES! IT'S NIGHT AND THE DARKNESS WILL COVER ME!



ON THE WAY, I CALLED EVE VIA THE RADIO-TELEGRAPHY HOOKUP INSTALLED IN OUR BRAIN-CASES...

GOOD NEWS, EVE! I KNOW THE RINGLEADER OF THE BLACK FIST GANG! AS SOON AS I GATHER CRIMINAL EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM, YOU'LL BE SET FREE...

OH, ADAM, I'M SO HAPPY! I HATE THIS TERRIBLE JAIL!



BUT JACK AND KAY WERE NOT OVERJOYED WHEN THEY HEARD THE NEWS...

HARVEY BRIGGS, OF ALL PEOPLE! WHO WOULD EVER SUSPECT HIM OF BEING BOSS OF THE CITY'S BIGGEST CRIME RING? AND THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE, ADAM... YOU'D NEVER GET ENOUGH EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM IN ONE YEAR, LET ALONE ONE WEEK! HOPELESS!

NOT FOR ADAM, DETECTIVE! DRIVE ME TO MY MOUNTAIN CASINO AND LABORATORY!



I SPENT ALL THE NEXT DAY AT MY LABORATORY PREPARING A SPECIAL INSTRUMENT...

MY ELECTRONIC WIRE-TAPPER! IT'LL PICK UP BRIGGS'S VOICE FROM HIS HOME AND TRANSMIT IT MILES AWAY TO A TAPE RECORDER IN YOUR APARTMENT, JACK!

YOU MEAN SECRET CONVERSATIONS? BRIGGS CONDEMNING HIMSELF? HOPE YOU'RE LUCKY, ADAM!



THAT NIGHT, AT BRIGGS'S SEDATE HOME IN A HIGH-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD...

MY CAREFUL TUNING, I CAN LEAP SOUNDLESSLY TO THIS PORCH ROOF THEN SILENTLY FORCE OPEN THAT ATTIC WINDOW!



ONCE INSIDE, I SET MY MINIATURE EAVESDROPPER FOR CONSTANT OPERATION, DAY AND NIGHT...

I HEAR HARVEY BRIGGS... BUT ONLY GIVING HIS SERPANTS ORDERS! I MAY HAVE A LONG WAIT BEFORE I PICK UP ANYTHING IMPORTANT!



I WAITED THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS-- A ROBOT NEEDS NO FOOD, WATER OR SLEEP. FINALLY ON THE THIRD NIGHT, A VISITOR WAS USHERED INTO HARVEY BRIGGS'S DEN...

WELL, SHAME! HOW DID ALL OUR OPERATIONS GO?

GREAT, BOSS! EXTORTION PAYMENTS ALONE WERE 100 GRAND THIS WEEK!



IT ALL POURED INTO MY SUPERSENSITIVE PICK-UP DEVICE...

SHANE MUST BE BRIGGS' "CONTACT MAN," THE ONE WHO REPORTS ON THE GANG'S WIDESPREAD CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES!

OUR BOOKIES COLLECTED SO GRAND JEWELRY JOBS WENT WITHOUT A HITCH!



...THENCE MILES AWAY TO THE TAPE RECORDER IN JACK'S APARTMENT...

COUNTERFEIT STUFF PASSED OKAY... AND EVE LINKS TRIAL COMES OFF IN THREE DAYS...



THAT WAS THE SIGNIFICANT THING... AND HARVEY BRISG GLOATED...

YES, SHANE! TWO OF OUR KILLINGS GET BLAMED ON EVE LINK! ANY JURY WILL BELIEVE SHE'S A "FRANKENSTEIN" ROBOT AND CONVINCE HER! HA, HA!

YOU WON'T LAUGH WHEN THE LAW HEARS THIS "PLAYBACK," MY CUNNING FRIEND!



I GOT A REAL SHOCK FROM THEIR NEXT WORDS...

THAT KIDNAPPED WOMAN OUT IN OUR SHACK... NO RANSOM MONEY WAS PAID SO AT MID-NIGHT KILL HER... WITH A METAL CLUB! THAT WILL BE BLAMED ON ADAM LINK SINCE EVE IS IN JAIL!



THAT'LL GET RID OF HIM TOO, IN CASE HE'S TRYING TO TRACK DOWN THE **BLACK FIST GANG**. GET IT, SHANE? NOW GO AND TAKE CARE OF THAT WOMAN!

I'M GOING TO SLIP OUT OF THE ATTIC AND FOLLOW SHANE! ADAM LINK WON'T TAKE THIS RAP!



SHANE'S CAR CHANGED GEARS... AND SO DID I AS HE RACED AWAY IN THE NIGHT...



HE'S ONLY DOING 80... I'VE HARDLY "SHIFTED" TO THIRD!

IT LEAD TO A LONELY SNACK....

HEY, BOYS! NO  
RANDOM, CAME  
IN SO WE GOT  
ORDERS TO...  
WELL, YOU  
KNOW WHAT!

MY AUTOMATIC  
SENSE OF TIMING  
TELLS ME IT'S  
ALMOST MID-  
NIGHT... WHEN  
THAT POOR  
WOMAN IS  
TO DIE!



ONLY  
SHE  
WON'T!

I-IT'S THE DICK WE  
SHOT AND BURNED AT  
THE WAREHOUSE!  
H-HOW CAN HE STILL  
BE ALIVE?



THE SAME  
REASON I CAN  
LIVE THROUGH  
ALL THE GUNFIRE  
YOU POUR AT ME!

B-BARE METAL  
UNDER HIS COAT!  
IT'S ADAM  
LINK... THE  
ROBOT!



THEY RAN LIKE FRIGHTENED  
RABBITS TO THEIR CAR....

OUT, RATS!



RUN FOR IT...OR THAT  
ROBOT'LL MANGLE US ALL!

LET THEM GO! IT'S THE  
BIG ONE I WANT! HARVEY  
BRIGG! I'LL USE THE OTHER  
CAR AND DRIVE THE WOMAN  
HOME TO HER FAMILY... I  
KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO  
HAVE A LOVED ONE IN  
DANGER!



AFTER I TOOK HER HOME, I DECIDED TO CONTACT  
EVE BY RADIO-TELEGRAPHY AND CHEER HER  
UP...BUT I GOT AN EVEN GREATER SHOCK THEN.

ADAM! JACK AND TOM  
LINK, YOUR LAWYER, JUST  
VISITED ME WITH THE BAD  
NEWS...THE FIRST PART OF  
THE TAPE RECORDING AT  
BRIGG'S PLACE WAS RUINED BY  
STATIC  
CONDITIONS!

WHERE ALL HIS  
GANG'S CRIMES ARE  
LISTED ON, NO...  
THEN I HAVE NO  
PROOF THAT HE'S  
BOSS OF THE  
BLACK FIST  
GANG!



SANABLY, I WRENCHED  
THE CAR AROUND...

ALL RIGHT, EVE! THAT CALLS  
FOR DIRECT TACTICS! I'LL  
CONFRONT HARVEY BRIGG IN  
PERSON...TRUST ME TO SAVE  
YOU, DEAR!



AFTER RINGING  
HIS DOORBELL...

HEY, YOU'RE NOT SHANE!  
STAY OUT...UGGGGH!

IDIOT! TRYING TO  
STOP ME IS LIKE  
STOPPING A BULL-  
DOZER! I WANT  
TO GET MY HANDS  
ON HARVEY BRIGG  
...SEE?



HEARING MY BELLOW FROM HIS DEN, THE  
CRIMINAL MASTERMIND ORDERED HIS BODYGUARD  
TO OPEN FIRE WITH A SUBMACHINE GUN, WHICH  
SUITED ME FINE...

THAT RIPS AWAY MY HUMAN  
CLOTHING AND CHIPS OFF MY  
PLASTIC DISGUISE, SO YOU  
CAN SEE WHO I  
REALLY AM!

A-ADAM LINK...THE  
R-R-ROBOT! WHAT  
DO YOU W-W-WANT?





YOUR CONFESSION, BRIGGS... AFTER I GET RID OF THIS HUMAN GARBAGE! YOU WILL FREE EYE FROM THE **BLACK FIST** KILLINGS OF JOHN DEERING AND TONI PUCELLI... IN WRITING!



I HAVE STEEL MUSCLES WITH THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN! I CAN CRUSH YOU TO PULP IN MY BARE METAL HANDS... UNLESS YOU DO AS I SAY!

Y-YES, P-P-PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING!



THEN WRITE AS I DICTATE... "I, HARVEY BRIGGS, RINGLEADER OF THE **BLACK FIST** GANG, CONFESS TO ORDERING THE KILLINGS BLAMED UPON EYE LINK, THE ROBOT, AND..."



MY LEGS... WRECKED! STILL I CAN USE MY ARMS TO FIGHT BACK!



BUT THE BODYGUARD CAME BACK, INTERRUPTING ME.

FOOL! GET OUT! YOU SAW HOW USELESS YOUR GUN WAS AGAINST ME!

YEAH, BUT HOW ABOUT THIS GRENADE, YOU TIN CHUMP?



BUT I HAD UNDERESTIMATED THE BODYGUARD, FOR HE SEIZED A FIRE AX FROM THE HALL AND...



NO LEGS OR ARMS!  
YOU WON'T BE ABLE  
TO MOVE AT ALL!

GOOD WORK, DUTCH!  
NOW I'LL TAKE OVER!  
GET A BLOWTORCH  
FROM THE BASEMENT!

AND SOON A FIENDISH PLAN WAS CARRIED OUT, CONCEIVED IN THE HEARTLESS MIND OF HARVEY BRIGG, HUMAN MONSTER!



HEAT UP HIS HEAD TILL  
THE METAL'S RED-HOT!  
WE'LL FRY HIS CLEVER  
ELECTRONIC BRAIN RIGHT  
IN ITS SKULL CASE! IT'S  
TORTURE TO HIM...HA,HA!

YES...I FEEL TER-  
RIBLE PAIN AS MY  
CIRCUITS GO WILD...  
I'LL LAST ANOTHER  
TEN MINUTES AT  
THE MOST...

A LAST DESPAIR-  
ING RADIO-TELEGRAPHY  
CALL WENT TO EVE  
IN HER JAIL CELL...

GOOD-BY, EVE!  
I-S'W...DONE  
FOR! AND  
YOU'LL GO TO  
THE ELECTRIC  
CHAIR...AFTER  
ALL I'VE FAILED!  
...FAILED!  
...UNNNN!



HEAT WOULD SOON MELT MY IRIIDIUM-SPONGE BRAIN CELLS...AND SEARING ELECTRICITY WOULD LATER BURN OUT EVE'S LIFE CIRCUITS! OUR DOUBLE DOOM SEEMED CERTAIN AT THIS POINT...AND SOON EVE, AND /DAM LINK, THE FIRST TWO INTELLIGENT ROBOTS, WOULD BE GONE FROM THE WORLD... FOREVER...



SHOCKING BEHAVIOR! IT REALLY BURNS ME UP TO SEE A GUY LIKE BRIGG PUTTING THE HEAT ON OUR HERO...BUT, IF AL IS GETTING HOT UNDER THE COLLAR NOW, WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT ISSUE!





AUTUMN IS ON THE WIND A HINT OF CHILL TO COME TINGES THE BREEZE THAT SCATTERS DRY LEAVES ACROSS THE GLOOM OF A STARLESS NIGHT, AND MAKES DYING TREES CREAK AND MOAN, THEIR BRANCHES SCRATCHING AT THE DARKNESS... AND SO OUR PULSATING PROLOGUE BEGINS, AS TWO POLICEMEN SLOWLY FACE THEIR GLOOMY BEAT...

MY FIRST ASSIGNMENT, AND I GET BROKEN IN FOR THIS GRAVEYARD TOUR? HOW CAN YOU STAND THE QUIET, DOWNEY?

DON'T LET IT FOOL YOU, LAD... WE'VE HAD OUR SHARE OF TROUBLES AROUND HERE LATEL...



L-LORD... THAT SCREAM! IT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THE... THE...

THE CEMETERY! INSIDE... QUICKLY!



CAME FROM OVER THIS WAY--- WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY DROPPED SOMETHIN'...

A SPADE... AND THERE'S **B-BLOOD** ON IT!



ALL RIGHT! WHO'S THERE? COME ON OUT! NOW!

NO? THEN WE'RE COMIN' IN!



WHAT TH--- I KNOW THIS PUNK! GOT A RECORD FOR **DRAGGEBBEN**...

B-BUT, DOWNEY... HE'S GONE OUT OF HIS MIND! AND HIS HAIR... IT'S TURNED **SNOW WHITE!**



# SECOND CHANCE!

FOR A TIME AFTER HE DIED EDWARD MUGENT DRIFTED IN A LIMBO WITHOUT DIMENSION, WITHOUT THOUGHT, LIKE A DREAMLESS SLUMBER... THEN, SENSATION WAKENED IN HIS FLOATING FORM AND HE FOUND HIMSELF DRAWN INTO A HELLWORLD OF HORROR, A SHIFTING, CHANGING NIGHTMARE THAT REACHED OUT AND ENGULFED HIM, AN AMOEBA UNIVERSE WRAPPING AROUND HIM, PULLING HIM TO ITS CORE....

I KNEW IT WOULD BE BAD, BUT  
NOT LIKE THIS... WHO COULD  
IMAGINE IT, PREPARE FOR IT? BUT  
I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY SENSES...  
GOT TO!



DEEPER AND DEEPER EDWARD NUGENT PLUNGED INTO THE DARK DOMAIN, FLEADING AND BEGGING WITHIN HIMSELF FOR IT TO END... UNTIL... TO HIS SUDDEN REGRET, IT DID!

WHAT...  
OH, NO...  
NOOOO!



HE WAS LOCKED IN GRIPS ALIEN AND REPULSIVE, CARRIED BY THINGS Sired FROM SEEDS OF MADNESS... CREATURES TO MAKE HIM WONDER IF DEAD MEN MIGHT GO MAD!

YOU ARE LATE,  
EDWARD NUGENT!  
HE WILL NOT BE  
KEPT WAITING!

LET ME GO! LET ME GO!  
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!



THE IRON GRASPS, THE HIDEOUS CLUTCHINGS DID NOT LESSEN... NUGENT FELT THE URGE TO RAGE, TO STRUGGLE, TO BURST FREE OF THE UNSPEAKABLE GUARD THAT BORE HIM...

YOU'RE MAKING  
A MISTAKE!  
I SHOULDN'T  
BE TREATED  
LIKE THIS!



HIS PITIFUL SQUIRMING EFFORT WAS FUTILITY ITSELF, AND THE HOLDS TIGHTENED UNTIL HE SCREAMED WITH THE PAIN OF IT... THEN, SUDDENLY, TOO SUDDENLY, HE WAS RELEASED...

DOWN! FLATTEN  
YOURSELF BEFORE  
THE MIGHTY ONE,  
BEFORE THE PRINCE  
OF DARKNESS, BE-  
FORE GREAT  
**BEELZEBUS!**



NUGENT PRESSED CLOSE TO THE FIRMAMENT BE-NEATH HIM AS THOUGH IT MIGHT SWALLOW HIM AND HIDE HIM FROM THAT WHICH HE WAS AFRAID TO LIFT HIS HEAD TO SEE. A VOICE LIKE VELVET-WRAPPED THUNDER SPOKE HIS NAME...

NUGENT! I'VE  
WAITED SOME  
TIME FOR THIS...

B-BUT... I DIDN'T THINK  
IT WOULD GO THIS FAR...  
DON'T YOU REMEMBER?  
WE MADE AN AGREE-  
MENT... A FACT!





WE MADE A  
BARGAIN! I'VE  
WORN THIS SIGN  
OF YOURS SINCE  
AS PROOF...  
SURELY YOU  
HAVEN'T FOR-  
GOTTEN, SURELY  
YOU WOULDN'T

I FORGET  
NOTHING!  
THIS IS ONLY A  
CHANCE TO  
RECONSIDER...  
TO CALL THE  
BARGAIN OFF  
AND ACCEPT  
YOUR FATE AS  
IT NOW STANDS!



GIVE UP AND  
REMAIN HERE  
WHEN I CAN  
STILL HOLD  
YOU TO OUR  
PACT? I WANT  
WHAT'S DUE ME!

FIRST LOOK AND  
SEE WHAT WANTS  
WHEN THE ADRE-  
MENT'S DONE...

BEHIND HIM CAME A GREAT RUMBLE, AND NUGENT  
TURNED TO FIND HIMSELF TEETERING ON THE BRINK  
OF A HUGE PRECIPICE... ECHOING OUT OF THE DEPTHS  
CAME TORTURED CRIES OF THE DOUBLY DAMNED AND  
BARELY DISCERNABLE TO THE EYE WERE QUIVERING  
NAMELESS... THINGS... UNCONSCIOUSLY, HE BEGAN TO  
BACK AWAY.



Y-YOU'RE TRYING  
TO FRIGHTEN ME...  
SCARE ME OUT OF  
IT... THE DEAL  
WAS IF I DIED  
YOU'D GIVE ME  
LIFE AGAIN, I  
COULD TAKE UP  
WHERE I LEFT  
OFF...



WITH THE ROTTEN LIFE  
I'VE LEAD, YOU GOT ME  
EITHER WAY, BUT WITH  
THE FACT I'M GONNA  
GET A LOTTA GOOD  
YEARS IN BEFORE YOU  
DO! WHAT DO YOU THINK  
I MADE IT FOR?

VERY WELL, RUOBN,  
BUT NOW THE PIT  
WILL BE WAITING...



OKAY, OKAY, YOU'VE  
HAD YOUR SAY! NOW  
I WANT TO GO BACK  
AND I WANT TO GO  
BACK, **RIGHT NOW,**  
AS WE AGREED!

TO TAKE UP  
LIFE WHERE  
YOU LEFT  
OFF...



ONCE AGAIN, EDWARD NUGENT FOUND HIMSELF FLOATING, WHIRLING, FASTER AND FASTER, BEING HEAVED UP BY THE TERRIBLE DARK WORLD THAT HAD SWALLOWED HIM...



BUT WHERE AM I... WHERE'D HE RETURN TO?

NUGENT TURNED IN THE PITCH BLACKNESS. THERE WAS LITTLE ROOM TO MOVE... AND EVEN LESS ROOM TO BREATHE... HE FIGURED OUT WHERE HE WAS...



THEN, FAR ABOVE HIM, IN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING, NUGENT HEARD SOUNDS... THE SOUNDS OF LABORING, OF METAL DIGGING INTO EARTH... CHIPPING AWAY AT THE BLANKET OF SOIL THAT WAS SLOWLY SMOOTHING HIM...



**EPILOGUE:** IN THE SOFTEST LIGHTS, MADNESS IS HARSH. BY THE FLASHLIGHTS BEAM, IT IS ALL BUT CONTAGIOUS. BOTH POLICEMEN SHIVER AS THE BREEZE CATCHES THE INSANE GAGGLING AND FUNGS IT TO THE FAR CORNERS OF THE CEMETERY...

WE BETTER KEEP LOOKING AROUND... THIS ONE USUALLY WORKS WITH A PARTNER.

B-BUT... CAN WE JUST LEAVE HIM HERE...? I MEAN...

WHY NOT? HE WON'T DO ANYWHERE... HE'S HIDING INSIDE HIMSELF ALREADY!

HERE ARE HIS TRACKS... WE CAN FOLLOW HIM BACK TO WHERE HE CAME FROM...

FOOTSTEP AFTER FOOTSTEP IS TRACED BACK, UNTIL...

DOWNEY... IS THAT...

THE PARTNER? NOT A MARK ON HIM... LIKE HE DIED OF FRIGHT...

DOWNEY!  
IN THE GRAVE...  
OH, LORD!

T-THEY USED THE SPADE ON IT... BEAT IT WITH THE SPADE, THAT'S WHERE THE BLOOD CAME FROM... BUT WHY WOULD TWO EXPERIENCED GRAVE ROBBERS BE SO FRIGHTENED OF A CORPSE TO DO THAT...

I DON'T KNOW, KID... MAYBE WE SHOULD BE FRIGHTENED TOO... WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW AN ENRAGED CORPSE BLEED??

A SILENCE FALLS OVER THE TWO POLICEMEN AND THE ONLY SOUND IN THE CEMETERY IS THE WIND WHICH HAS BECOME COLDER... AND PERHAPS, FAINT ABOVE THE WIND, SO DISTANT IT MIGHT BE FROM ANOTHER WORLD, A CRY... LIKE THE SOUND OF A SOUL IN TORMENT!

